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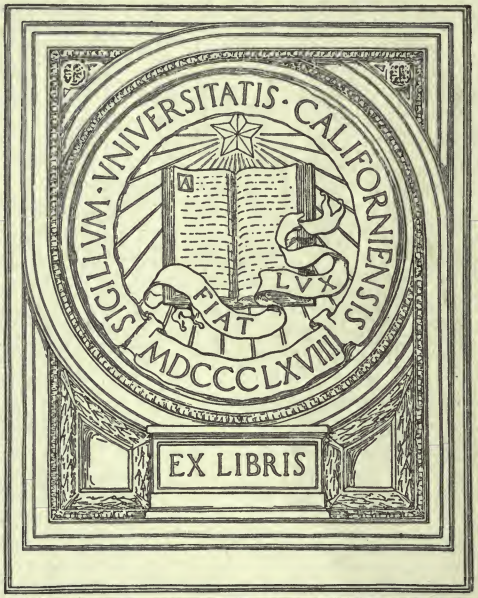

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TRANSLATIONS

BY

LORD LYTTELTON

AND

THE RIGHT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

LONDON:
BERNARD QUARITCH, 15 PICCADILLY.
1861.

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CONTENTS.

TRANSLATIONS BY LORD LYTTELTON.

INTO GREEK.

		Author	Page
1832	Comus	Milton	2
1833	Sweet Echo	Milton	8
1837	The Sacrifice	Dryden	10
1860	The Lotos-Eaters	Tennyson	12

INTO LATIN.

1837	Ode to Adversity	Gray	32
1838	The Deserted Village	Goldsmith	34
1857	Œnone	Tennyson	36
1860	Godiva	Tennyson	62

TRANSLATIONS BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

FROM THE GREEK.

1836	The Lion's Cub	Æschylus	72
1836	From the Homeric Hymn to the Delian Apollo		74
1858-9	The Descent of Apollo	Homer	76
....	The Battle of the Fourth Book	Homer	78

		Author	Page
1858-9	The Threat of Achilles	Homer	82
. . . .	The Boast of Achilles	Homer	84
. . . .	Battle of the Eleventh Book . .	Homer	86
. . . .	The Presentation of the Arms .	Homer	88
. . . .	The Speech of the Horse Xanthus	Homer	92
. . .	The Death of the Dog Argus . .	Homer	94
	FROM THE LATIN.		
1858	Horace and Lydia	Horace	98
1859	Catullus to Lesbia	Catullus	102
. . . .	Horace to Pyrrha	Horace	106
	FROM THE ITALIAN.		
1837	Ugolino	Dante	108
1835	The Lord's Prayer	Dante	116
. . . .	Speech of Piccarda	Dante	118
	Ode on the Death of Napoleon .	Manzoni	120
	FROM THE GERMAN.		
1837	The Count of Hapsburg . . .	Schiller	122
1845	Verses from Der Freischütz . .		134
	FROM THE ENGLISH.		
1831	Old Rome	Milton	136
. . . .	Mars.		140
1848	Rock of Ages	Toplady	142
1859	Verses to his Wife	Heber	146

TRANSLATIONS.

Comus.

The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head;
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.

ἀΑΣΤΗΡ, ποιμέσι καιρὸς ἐναύλου,
κατέχει μέσσον φαιδρὸς Ὄλυμπον·
τέγγει δ' ἄξονα τὸν πυριθαλπῆ
ῥείθροις πρηνέσιν ἀτλαντείοις
δίφρος ὁ Φοίβου χρυσεόκυκλος·
πόλον ἠέλιος πρὸς ἀμαυρὸν
λεχρίαν ἀκτῖν' ἐπάνω βάλλων
εἰς ἀντίπορον τέρμονα κοίτας
τὰς ἠώας μεταβαίνει.
χαῖρ' οὖν Θαλία, χαῖρ' Εὐφροσύνα,
κῶμοί τε, βοά θ' ἁ μεσονύκτιος,
οἰνοπλάνητόν τ' ὄρχημ' ἄπονον·
πλέκετ' ἐν ῥοδίῳ πλέγματι χαίταν
χρίσμασιν ὑγρὰν, ὑγρὰν Βρομίῳ·
νῦν γε τὸ Σεμνὸν κατακοιμᾶται,
τό τε Νουθεσίας ὄμμα περίσσοφρον·
ἀπαράμυθον[1] δ' εὕδει Γῆρας,
χἁ Σωφροσύνα, δριμεῖα θεά,
σοφίαν θρυλοῦσα ματαίαν.
ἡμεῖς δὲ φλογὸς τῆς ἁγνοτέρας
ἀστεροειδῆ
ζηλοῦμεν χορόν, οἱ παννυχίοις
ἄγρυπνα κύκλοις περιτελλομένων
ἐτέων φυγάδας μῆνας ἄγουσιν.

[1] Vide Blomf. ad *Æsch. Prom.* 193.

The sounds and seas with all their finny drove
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move:
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves:
By dimpled brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto! to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,

λιμένες, πορθμοί τ', αἰολόφυλοί τ'
ἰχθύες ἤδη μαρμαρυγαῖσιν
δίαν τιμῶσι Σελάναν·
κατὰ δὲ ξούθους ἁλὸς αἰγιαλοὺς
σκιρτᾷ λάλιον μορμολύκειον,
ῥαδινά τ' ἔμπουσα χορεύει.
παρὰ μειδώντων
νάματα κρουνῶν ἄκρα τε χείλη,
Δρυάδες, κομψὰν κόσμον ἔχουσαι
βαλλίδα, τερπνοῖς παίγνι' ἄγουσιν
κώμοις ἱλαραί·
νὺξ δέ μοι ὕπνῳ τὶ σὺ κοινωνεῖς;
νὺξ μέγ' ἀμείνω τέρψιν παρέχει·
Κύπρις ἐγερθεῖσ' υἱὸν ἐγείρει·
σπεύδετε δ'· ἡμὶν ἐς ὄργια καιρός·
μόνον ἐκφαίνει φῶς ἀλιτήμονα·
ταῦτα δὲ κευθμὼν
σκοτόεις οὔ πως ἀποδείξει.
χαῖρε μελάμπεπλος ἐν νυκτερίνοις
παίγμασι δαῖμον, χαῖρε, Κοτυττώ·
σοὶ πῦρ δᾴδων πάννυχον αἴθει
κρυφίων, δέσποιν' ἄφατος, κληθεῖσ'
ὁπότε Στυγίας ὁ δρακοντώδης
νεφέλας γαστὴρ καταπυκνοτάταν
ἔπτυσεν ὄρφναν,

And makes one blot of all the air:
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecat, and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, 'till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

MILTON.

ἀέρα χραίνων κηλῖδι μίᾳ·
δίφρους Ἑκάτᾳ σοί θ' ἅμα κοινοὺς
ἐβένου παῦσον ζοφόεντος,
σοῦ δ' εὐόρκους ἱερεῖς ἡμᾶς
βλέψον πρευμενὲς, ἔς τ' ἂν τελετὰς
πάντως πάσας σοὶ τελέσωμεν,
πρίν γ' ἐξ ἑδρῶν λαλὸν ἠῴων
φύλακ' ἐν κορυφαῖς Ἰνδῶν ἁπαλὰν
Ἠριγενείαν, σκοπιάζουσαν
τῆλ' ἐκ θυρίδος μυχόθεν κοίλας,
ἀθυρογλώττῳ δεῖξαι Φοίβῳ
τάδ' ἀπορρήτων ὄργια θεσμῶν.
ἄγετ' οὖν, φιλίας ἅπτετε χεῖρας,
καὶ ποδὶ κούφῳ
πολυδαίδαλα πλήττετε γαῖαν.

L. 1832.

Sweet Echo.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O! if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

MILTON.

Ἀχῶ, κλῦθί μοι, Ἀχώ, στροφή.
νυμφάων ἀγανωτάτα,
κρυπτὸν ἀέριον σκάφος
ναίουσ', ἢ χλοερὰν πλάκα
Μαιάνδρου πάρ' ἀκύμονος,
βάσσας ἢ κάτ' ἰοδνεφεῖς,
ὅπου θ' ἁ δυσέρως πάννυχ'
ἀηδὼν μέλος οἰκτρὸν
καλῶς σοὶ καταθρηνεῖ·
λίσσομαι, ἁβράν μοι,
κούρα, φράζε συνωρίδα,
ποῦ ναίει, μάλα τῷ σῷ ἀντιστρ.
Ναρκίσσῳ δέμας ἐμφερής·
εἰ δ' ἔκρυψας ἐν ἄνθεσι
σπηλαίου τινος, ἀλλά μοι
εἴποις ποῦ ποτε, φιλτάτα
φεῦ δέσποιν' ὀάρου θεὰ,
πρόφρασσ', οὐρανόπαι. κεῖς πο-
λὸν οὕτω μεταναστᾶσ',
Ὀλύμποιο μελάθρων
εὐκέλαδον πάσῃ
δοίης ἁρμονίᾳ χάριν.

L. 1833.

The Sacrifice.

CHOOSE the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie:
Altars raised of turf or stone
Will the infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

Pour in blood and bloodlike wine,
To mother earth and Proserpine:
Mingle milk into the stream:
Feast the ghosts that love the steam.
Snatch a brand from funeral pile:
Toss it in to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

DRYDEN.

Ἄγ' οὖν, σκοτεινὸν ἐξερευνήσας μυχὸν,
οἷον μεσημβρινοῖσιν ἐν χρόνοις φιλεῖ
εἴδωλ' ἐνοικεῖν, Λαΐου πεσήμασι
παρ ὀστίνοισι σκάπτε μοι τάφρου βάθος.
οὐ γάρ τι χλωροῖς οὐδὲ λαϊνοῖς ποτὲ
χαίρουσι βωμοῖς οἵ γε νέρτεροι Θεοί.
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

ἆρ' ηὐτρέπισται πάνθ' ὅσα σφαγῆς ἔχει;
τὴν στεῖραν οὖν ὄπισθεν εἰς τάφρον χρεὼν
μόσχον καθέλκειν· τοῦτο δ' εὖ φύλασσ', ὅπως
στεῖράν τε καὶ μέλαιναν αἱμάξεις χεροῖν.
ἔπειτα πλεκτὰς δεῖ σ' ἀποθρίσαι τρίχας,
ἅσπερ κεράτων ὀμμάτων τ' ἔχει μέσας.
τρέπεσθε δ' ὄψιν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀφ' ἡλίου.
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

ἄλλ' αἵματ' ἐγχεῖν αἵμασίν τε προσφερὲς
οἴνου γάνος μέμνησο, παμμήτωρ δὲ Γῆ
δῶρον τόδ' ἱερὸν ἥ τε Περσέφασσ' ἔχοι·
προσθὲς δὲ ταῖς ῥοαῖσι συγκραθὲν γάλα,
ἵν' ἀτμίσιν χαίροντες οἱ κεκμηκότες
θαλίαν ἔχωσιν· ἐκ δέ του νεκρῶν πυρᾶς
ἀφαρπάσας σὺ δαλὸν εἰς τάφρον βάλε,
ὅπως τὸ σύμπαν κάρτ' ἀναζέσει φλογί.
τρέπεσθε δ' ὄψιν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀφ' ἡλίου.
λέγ' εἰ πέπρακται ταῦτα;
Πᾶν καλῶς ἔχει.

L. 1837.

The Lotos-eaters.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land:
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go:
And some thro' wav'ring lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.

HENRICO DRURY
MUSIS AMICO
QUO FAUTORE
NUGÆ HUJUSMODI NONNULLÆ
QUIBUS HORAS
SEU TRISTES SIVE VACUAS
FEFELLERAT
IN PUBLICUM PRODIERUNT
D. D.
L.

"Θάρσος," ἔφη· καὶ χεῖρας ὀρεξάμενος ποτὶ γαῖαν,
ηὔχετ' ἐπ' ἀκροπόλου ταχέως μάλα κύματος ἥξειν.
ἑσπέριοι δ' ἥκουσιν,[1] *ὅθ' ἕσπερος ἀΐδιός τις*
φαίνετ'· ἀλύεσκεν δ' ἀκτὴν πέρι νήνεμος ἀὴρ,
δύσπνοον ὡς βρίζοντος ὄναρ· μεγαλωστὶ σελήνη
στῆ καθύπερθε νάπης· ἐπὶ δ' οὔρεος, ἠΰτε καπνὸς,
στάζε τε καὶ λῆγεν καὶ στάζεν ἀμοιβαδὶς ὕδωρ.

ῥείθρων ἔβρυε γῆ· πρηνὴς τὰ μὲν ἠΰτε καπνὸς,
ἠὲ λίνου ποτ' ἄωτος, ἄνωθεν λεπτότατα ψῆ·[2]
τῶν δ' ἄπο, μαρμαρυγὰς μεταμειβομένην τε δι' ἀχλὺν,
κωφὸν[3] *παφλάζοντα, κατέκλυζ' οἴδματ' ἄβυσσον.*

[1] *Od.* IX. 336. [2] Brunck. *ad Soph. Trach.* 678.
[3] *Il.* XIV. 16.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From th' inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with show'ry drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
  The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

  Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flow'r and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores: and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave:
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

ἀργηστὴν ποταμὸν, μυχόθεν πελάγοσδε ῥέοντα
θαύμασαν· ἀρχαίας δὲ νιφὸς κορυφὰς τρικαρήνους
ἄψοφα τηλεφανεῖ ῥόδεος βάλεν ἕσπερος αὐγῇ·
ἐν δὲ πίτυς πλεκτὴν δροσόεσσ' ἀνέτελλε καθ' ὕλην.

ἥλιος, ἀκροτάτοις ξανθῆς ἐπὶ τέρμασι γαίας,
παύετο δυόμενος, αἰὲν μέλλοντι ἐοικώς.[1]
πόῤῥω πουλύγναμπτα διὰ πτύχας ἕπρεπ' ὀρεινὰς
ἄγκεα καὶ βῆσσαι καὶ λειμῶνες κροκόβαπτοι,
φοινίκων τε περιστεφέες ῥαδίνων τε κυπείρων·
φάσμ' ἀστεμφὲς ἀεί· περὶ δὲ στειρὴν κατὰ κῦμα,
ὠχρὸν ἰδεῖν, φλόγεόν τε μελάγχρωτες παρὰ φέγγος,
ἠγερέθοντ', ἀγανοῖσι κατηφέες ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
Λωτοφάγοι.

τοὶ δὴ κλῶνας φέρον ἀνθεμόεντας,
καρποφόρον γάνος ἄῤῥητον, καὶ δῶκαν ἑκάστῳ·
οἱ δ' ἐπάσαντ', ἀμέτρητον ὑπεὶρ ἅλα κυματοαγῆ
ἄξεινον παρὰ θῖνα μινυρόμενον βακχεύειν
οἶδμ' ἐδόκει βομβῆεν· ἀραιὴ δ' ἵκετο φωνὴ[2]
φθεγγομένων, ὥς τις νεκύων ἀμένηνος ἀφ' Ἅιδου.
ὕπνος ἔχειν ἀΰπνους, κραδίης τε παλίῤῥοθος ὁρμὴ
ἡδύ τι μελπομένῳ ἰνδάλλετο.

[1] *Od.* IX. 607. [2] Theocr. XIII. 59.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wand'ring fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more:"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave: we will no longer roam."

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass:
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes:
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leav'd flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

οἳ δ' ἐκάθηντο,
μεσσηγὺς Φοίβου τε φάους δίας τε Σελήνης,
ξουθοῦ ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῦ· πέρι τ' ἄσμενοι ἐμνήσαντο
πατρίδα καὶ δμῶας, φίλα τέκνα, φίλας τε γυναῖκας·
κῦμα δὲ δυσφόρεον, καὶ ναυστολίην ἀλεγεινὴν,
καὶ πελάγη[1] ἀφροῖο πολυπλανῆ ἀτρυγέτοιο.
ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν, "Ἅλις πεπλανήμεθ', ἑταῖροι·"
αὐτίκ' ἄρα ξύμπαντες, "Ἀλίβροχον ἡμέτερον δῶ
εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἄπεστιν, ἑκὰς ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ·
ὧδε μένειν ὄχ' ἄριστον· ἅλις πεπλανήμεθ', ἑταῖροι."

[2]ἄδιον μέλος ἐνθάδ', ἤ τις στρ.
ῥιπὰ πετάλου, ῥόδων ἐν ἀκμᾷ,
πόαν ἧκα βαλόντος· ἢ
νυκτιλαμπὲς ὑπόσκιον
ῥαίνουσα ψακὰς ἠρεμαῖον
κρύπτ' ἐνδόμυχον νᾶμ'·
οὐ τόσσον καμάτῳ φιλύπνους
γλήνας κατέθελξεν
κοῦφον ἐπὶ βλεφάρων βάρος ἐμπεσόν·
ἀκηδέων ἀφ' ἑδρῶν
ἐπωδαῖς μετεπέμψαθ' ὕπνον.
πάντη δ' ἐνὶ τάκεται[3] ῥεέθροις
ναρὸν τανύφυλλον ἔρνος·
βαθύστρωτον ἄδην διέρπει ἀντιστρ.
ψυχρὰν στιβάδ' ἀμφὶ κισσός· εὕδει
προβλήτων σπιλάδων ἄπο
μάκων σῖγα καθημμένος.[4]

[1] *Od.* v. 335.
[2] Soph. *Œd. Col.* 668—719 (Dindorf. *Poetæ Scenici Græci.*)
[3] *Od.* VIII. 522. [4] Soph. *Antig.* 1222.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consum'd with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings:
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed: and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.

αἴ, αἴ, θυμοβόροις πονοῦμεν
ταλαίφρονες αὔτως
ἀνακεστοτάταις ἀνίαις
ἡμεῖς· πάρα δ' ἄλλοις
δῖα λυγρᾶς ἀνάπαυσις ὀϊζύος,
ὅσ' ἔστιν· ἢ μόνοισιν
εἵμαρται καμάτων ἀφύκτων
στένειν ἀλίαστα, θεῶν μετ' ἔργοις
πρωτεῖα μάταν λαχοῦσιν;
ἡμῖν τοῖς ὑπεράλλοις, χθονίων τοῖς μεγ' ἀρίστοις, στρ.
ὄρνις ὡς πτερύγων ἀκάματός τις πολυπλάγκτοισιν
ἐρετμοῖς,[1]
ὕπνοιο κληθεμὸς ἀμβρότοιο
ἆρ' οὔποτ' ἐμβάψει κάρα;
πόνων ἄγευστος λέλογχεν ὄλβον,
ἔναυλον τόδ' ἐφυμνεῖ 'ν φρεσὶ δαίμων.

φεῦ· ὕλας ἐν ὀμφαλοῖσιν ἀβρότοισι,
βλάσταν φύλλον ὑπεκδὺν, ἀνέμου σαινόμενον κινα-
θίσμασι,
χλωρὸν εὐρυφυὲς βρύει,
ἀκτῖνες δ' ἀμέριμνον
ἔνδιον, νυχίᾳ δ' αὖτε σελάνα τρέφεν ἔρσᾳ· ἀντ.
τέλος δ' ἀλλόχροον ῥεῖ, κατὰ δ' οὖρον μετέωρον δια-
φεύγει.

[1] Æsch. *Agam.* 52.

Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juic'd apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life : ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen tow'rd the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease.
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease !

θέρους ἐν αὐγαῖς πέπον τεθηλὸς,
ὡραῖον ἔπεσεν ἔννυχον
ἄκρας ὀπώρας ἄφωνα μᾶλον.
ζωᾶς μοιρίδιον τέρμα τελείας
ἀνθέων γένη κατάνυσ᾽ ἀδυόσμων,
ἀκμάζοντ᾽ ἀπόνως, φροῦδα δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ᾤχετ᾽ ἐπασσυτέρᾳ ῥοπᾷ,
εὐκάρποισι δυσεκλύτως
ἐῤῥιζωμέν᾽ ἀρούραις.

[1] στυγνὸν πόλου κυάνεον στρ.
βάθος πάλαι πορφυροειδοῦς
ὑπερτέταται θαλάττας·
ζῶσιν θάνατος πέπρωται·
ζῶντες δ᾽ ἀπαύστῳ πόνῳ ἄλλως βίον ἀντλοῦμεν·
ἐᾶτ᾽· ἐσσυμένων ῥίμφ᾽ ἐνιαυτῶν
σιγὰ τάχ᾽ ἔπεισιν· οὐδὲν
σταθμὸν ἔχει βέβαιον.
πάντ᾽ ἐκλέλοιπεν, φοβερῷ ἀντιστρ.
δὲ τῶν πάλαι σύζυγ᾽ ὁμίλῳ
φεύγει· τί δ᾽ ἀτερπὲς αἰὲν
ἀδμῆτ᾽, ἀμάχου κατ᾽ ἄτας,
κλύδων᾽ ἔπ᾽ ἀμβαίνομεν; ἔσθ᾽ ἁσυχίας πᾶσιν
σῖγ᾽ εἰσερχομένας μοῖρα καθ᾽ ὥραν·
τᾶς πουλυπλάνων ὀνείρων,
ἢ θανάτου τύχοιμεν.

[1] Soph. *Antig.* 781—800.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy:
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the mem'ry of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:

[1] ἦ τερπνὸν μάλα, παγῶν στρ.
πὰρ κλινθέντα καταῤῥόοισιν,
ἀεὶ βλεφάροις ὑπνῶδες ἡμι-
κλείστοις ὧδ' ὅσον οὐ καθεύδειν·
ἠλεκτροφαῆ κατ' αὐγὰν
ὑψοῦ 'πὶ μυῤῥίνου
βάτου μόνιμον· καθ' ἁμέ-
ραν ψιθυρὸν ἀντιφωνεῖν,
κυμάτι' αἰγιαλῷ
κυρτωθένθ' ἁπαλὰ σκοπεῖν, γαλακτώ-
δη τ' ἀφρὸν πολύκυκλον· ἀντιστρ.
σὲ, δέσποιν' ἀγάνοφρον, αἰνεῖν,
τὰν Λωτοφάγοις φίλαν, Κατηφεί-
α· βυσσόφρονι πολλὰ θυμῷ
εἴδωλα πάλαι θανόντων,
οἷσιν βρέφη σύνη-
μεν, νῦν σποδὸν ἐξίτηλον
χαλκέλατον ἄγγος ἔνδον
χώμασι τυμβοχόοις
εἴργει, φαντασίαις πάλιν προσαυδᾶν·

[2] ἁδύ τι κουριδίων ἐνθυμεῖσθαι ὑμεναίων· στρ.
φίλαι χερῶν περιπτυχαὶ,
καὶ δακρύων μνάμα· τὰ δὲ πανταχοῦ ἠλλοίωται·
ἡμῶν γὰρ ἐφέστιον οὖδας
κλαρονόμον κατέχει γένος, ἢ ξένων

[1] Eur. *Hecub.* 444—465. [2] Soph. *Œd. Tyr.* 151—166.

And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy:
Or else the island-princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet, while warm airs lull us, breathing lowly,
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—

ἷς ὑπερηνορίᾳ· παρὰ δ' ἄμναστον πολέμου λόγον
ἔργα τ' ἀριστήων, θεῖός τις ἀοιδὸς ἐφυμνεῖ·
ἡμεῖς λυγρὸν ἰδεῖν, ὥς τις παλίνορσος ἀφ' Αἴδου. ἀντ.
τὰ δ' ἐῤῥέτω δυσέξοδα,
Θεοὶ μάλ' ἀμείλικτοι, νάσῳ δ' ἔνι κόσμος ἄκοσμος·
ἔστιν θανάτου τι χέρειον,
ἄλγος ἐπ' ἄλγεσι γῆρας ἐπ' ἔσχατον,
ἢ θυμῷ κακὸν ἄχθος ἄδην πολέμοις κεκορημένῳ,
ὄμμασί τ' ἀμβλυνθεῖσι πρὸς ἄστροισιν φιλοναύταις.[1]

[2] μῶλυ κάτ', εἴτ' ἀμαραν- στρ.
τίναν στιβάδ' εὔστρωτον,
ὑπνώσσουσι βλεφάροις,
λεπτὰ Ζεφύρων πνεόντων,
ὑπό τ' οὐρανοῦ κνέφας
ἀμβροσίου, δολιχὰς
ποταμίας ὁρᾷν
ἦκα ῥεούσας ἀπὸ πορφυρωδῶν
βούνων ὑπὲκ προχοάς· τὰ δ' Ἀχοῦς
κελεύσμαθ' ὑγρᾶς ἐπάλληλα
σπέσσιν ἐν ἀντιτύποις ἀντιστρ.
ὕλαν διὰ καλλίβοτρυν,

[1] Scott-Liddell *Lex. in voc.* [2] Eur. *Hippol.* 121—140.

To hear the em'rald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the flow'ry peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' ev'ry hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclin'd
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind:

ἤ που κυάνεον ὧδ᾽
ὕδωρ μετ᾽ ἀκανθίνοισι
πολυδαιδάλοις πλοκαῖς
θεσπεσίοις κελάρυ-
ζον, ἀπόνως κλύειν·
πόῤῥωθεν ἅλμαν ἐσιδεῖν φαεννὰν,
ὑψαύχεν᾽ εἴθ᾽ ὑπὸ δένδρ᾽ ἀκούειν·
τούτοις βίον ἔστι ποιμαίνειν.

παρά τ᾽ εὐανθῶν κορυφὰς πρώνων
πορθμῶν τ᾽ ἐσόδους αἰολομόρφων
λώτου θαλερὸν γάνος ἀκμάζει·
πνεῖ παννῆμαρ μαλθακὸς ἀήρ·
κοῖλα κατ᾽ ἄντρα καὶ οἰόπολ᾽ ἄγκη,
περὶ λειμώνων πλάτος εὐόσμων,
ξανθοῦ σπέρματα
λώτου φέρεται πολυδινῆ.
ἅλις εἴργασται καὶ πεπόνηται
νῦν ἐπὶ δεξιὰ νῦν ἐπ᾽ ἀριστερὰ
λαβρῷ κύματι ποντοτινάκτοις,
ἔνθα πελώριον ὑψόσ᾽ ἐφύσα
προκυλινδόμενον κῆτος ἀφρώδους
οἴδματος ἄχναν.
ἀγετ᾽ οὖν ὀχυραῖς ὅρκια βουλαῖς
θῶμεν, σύμφρονες ὧδε διαζῆν,
τρόπον ἀθανάτων, οἵτ᾽ ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
παρὰ νεκταρέοις κεῖνται πώμασιν
εἰκῆ χθονίων ἀμελοῦντες·

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-us'd race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil:

τῆλε δ' ἐν οὔρεσι βροντὰ καναχεῖ
χρύσεα δώματα πρὸς θεοτερπῆ,
στροφοδινοῦνταί τ' ἀμφὶς νεφελαὶ,
περὶ δ' οὐράνιος
στίλβει πόλος ἀστεροφεγγής.

οἱ δ' ὀρυμάγδῳ γᾶν βροτολοίγῳ
διαπερθομέναν, βρύχιον πέλαγος,
χθόνα σεισθεῖσαν, ψάμμον φλογέαν,
ὁλοᾷ λοιμοῦ λιμὸν ἐπ' ἄτῃ,
καταθραυομένας ναῦς ἐνὶ κύμασιν,
ἀστέων ἄμοτον πῦρ καιομένων,
χεῖράς θ' ἱκετῶν,
λάθρα χαίρουσιν ὁρῶντες.
τὸ δὲ θρηνῶδες μέλος ὠγύγιον
πέρι τερπομένοις ὦσι δέχονται,
κοὐκ ἀλέγουσιν δεινὰ λεγόντων,
τὸ παρ' ἀνθρώπων αἰκιζομένων
εἰσαναβαῖνον δώματ' Ὀλύμπου·
τῶν τλασιπόνων, τῶν ἀροτήρων,
φιτυθείσας οἵ τ' ἀπὸ γαίας
σῖτον ἐτήσιον, οἶνον, ἔλαιον,
διασώζουσιν κομίσαντες.

[1] Æsch. *Prom.* 94.

Till they perish, and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at length on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore
Than labour in mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar:
Oh rest ye, brother-mariners, we will not wander
more.

θανατωθέντες δ' οἱ μὲν ἐν Ἅιδου,
τοιάδε φάμα θρυλεῖ ψιθυρὰ,
διακναιόμενοι πῆμ' ἀθλεύουσ',[1]
οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βάσσαις Ἠλυσιαῖσιν,
καμάτων ἐσαεὶ γυῖα λυθέντες,
κατά τ' ἀσφοδέλου
δέμνι' ἄλυποι διάγουσιν.
ἔστ' ἀναπαύλας, ἔστ' ἐπὶ χερσοῦ
γέρας ἄδιον, τοῦτο σαφέστατον,
ἠὲ βαθύπλοον, ἠὲ δυσάνεμον
αἰὲν ἐρετμοῦ κόπον ἐξαντλεῖν.
λήγετε μόχθων,
φεῦ μόχθων λήγεθ', ἑταῖροι.

L. 1860.

Ode to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

GRAY.

Quæ sævo domitos imperio regis
Mortales, superi nata Jovis Dea,
Dira non sine pœna et
Flagris improba ferreis

Pertentans homines; unde adamantinis
Sub vinclis trepidum comprimitur Nefas,
Angunturque malorum
Seris pectora luctibus,

Nec puri sceleris non animi dolent;
Te reges dominam purpurei novam,
Per deserta domorum,
Te vano gemitu tremunt.

Cum lectam generi mittere filiam
Humano voluit cœlicolum Pater
Virtutem, tibi diam
Commisit sobolem Deus,

Ut prudens teneræ pectora fingeres:
Ah! quanta rigidam te patientia,
Nutrix aspera, longis
Virtus temporibus tulit!

Sensit, qua miseris fracta doloribus
Mens cura gemeret: sensit, et haud suo,
Te perdocta magistra,
Luctu tangitur invicem.

L. 1837.

The Deserted Village.

How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot and cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook and busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would these looks reprove!
These were thy charms, sweet Village; sports like these
With sweet succession taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

GOLDSMITH.

Ah! quoties illo cessabam lentus in agro,
  Miratus placidas culta per arva casas,
Et loca qua pistrina sequacibus adstrepit undis,
  Mundaque vicinis addita templa jugis,
Et frutices lætos, aptasque sedentibus umbras,
  Seu senium musset, sive susurret amor.
Ah! quoties grato venerabar pectore lucem,
  Cum misso exciperent pensa labore joci,
Multaque ruricolæ properarent agmina turbæ
  Ducere sub patula fronde soluta choros.
Tum fuit umbrosa quantum certamen arena!
  Colludunt juvenes, aspiciuntque senes;
Innumerosque cient vexato in gramine gyros,
  Membrorum vegeta vi, celerique manu.
Displiceat toties eadem repetita voluptas?
  Inveniet ludos læta caterva novos.
Certatim innocuam qui produxere choream,
  Saltando ut facilis gloria parta foret;
Rusticus inspersa fœdus fuligine vultum,
  Qui movet occultos, nescius ipse, jocos;
Virginis indictam prodentia lumina flammam,
  Quæque oculo mater vix prohibere velit—
Hos comites inter, sedes dilecta, laboris
  Dulcibus immisti lene placebat onus;
Hæc tibi tranquillam spirabant undique pacem;
  Hæc tibi—sed notos deseruere locos!

L. 1838.

Oenone.

THERE is a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

UT POTUIT
EXIMIUM HOC CARMEN
IN AMŒNIS
APUD FALCONHURST OTIIS
LATINE REDDIDIT
ET
JOANNI G. TALBOT
OPTIMO AMICISSIMO
D. D.
L.

Est Ida in media vallis, quot Ionia valles
Alma fovet, forma superans. Ibi saltibus hærent
Et lenti fluitant inter pineta vapores.
At gravidos multis decorant pendentia prata
Floribus hinc illinc montes: rivusque reductas
Desilit in rupes, reboatque anfractibus imis,
Oceani longinqua petens. Hîc Gargarus ingens
Praeripit Auroram: sed ab illa parte, revulsis
Faucibus, apparet celsis speciosa columnis
Troas, et Iliacæ, decus illæ Troadis, arces.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair, or seem'd to float, in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with her shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love;
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all a-weary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Hear me, O earth! hear me, O hills! O caves

Huc adiit, rapido medii sub sole diei,
Solivaga Œnone, Paridem fletura sodalem.
At tenera in cervice comæ jacuere solutæ:
Nec roseæ fulsere genæ. Sub rupe reclinis
Vitibus intexta, longo tranquilla locorum
Carmine mulcebat, donec demissa sedentem
Velavit summis paulatim à montibus umbra.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso à culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Jam colles siluere; silent per prata locustæ:
Glauca lacerta jacens, in saxum projicit umbram,
Ipsa umbram referens. Inter cunabula florum
Aurea dormit apis: dormit tranquilla cicada:
Languent purpurei flores. Ego sola soporis
Inscia: me flentes oculi, me cordis amores,
Me luctus, duræque tenent mala tædia vitæ.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso à culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Proh juga, proh tellus, gelidisque audite cavernæ

That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain
brooks,
I am the daughter of a river-god;
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.
"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat, white-horn'd, white-hoof'd,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Far off the torrent called me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes

Anguibus implicitæ, celeresque è montibus amnes!
Me Numen genuit fluviale. Ego, qualia lentum
Lente illa ad cantum, (nubi velut indita forma,)
Mœnia surrexisse ferunt, ita carmine luctum
Informare velim, soliti si forte doloris
Infixum liceat tantillum fallere vulnus.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso à culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Suspiciens montes incerta luce rubentes,
Et gelido pinus suffusas rore, sedebam:
Cum Paris, heu! nimium pulchri sub tegmine vultus
Turpia corda fovens, albis et cornibus hircum
Insignem pedibusque adducens, cætera nigrum,
Solus arundinea venit Simoentis ab unda.

"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
At me præcipites procul e convallibus undæ
Visæ compellare: procul, super invia montis,
Incedens tacito signabat culmina gressu,
Et puras Aurora nives. Ego sola sedebam

I sat alone: white-breasted, like a star
Fronting the dawn, he moved: a leopard-skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a god's;
And his cheek brighten'd, as the foambow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart. 'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind, ingrav'n
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'
"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
He press'd the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,

Triste tuens: illum mox albo pectore, ut atras
Stella fugat penetrans adversa fronte tenebras,
Vidi affulgentem. Lateris gestamina pulchri
Exuviæ pardi pendebant, diaque flavis
Fluctibus undantes velabant tempora crines,
Splendebantque genæ, qualis, cum ventus aquosam
Fert agitans spumam, nitet arcus in ætheris auras.
Illum amplexa oculis, totoque e corde vocavi.
"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Continuo flavum, quod lactea dextra tenebat,
Ostendit malum, Hesperioque insignius auro,
Purique ambrosios exspirans roris odores,
Risitque alludens. Arrecta mente manebam:
Protinus è suavi manantia verba labello
Cor pepulere meum: 'Speciosam candida frontem,
Œnone, mea vita, hujusne in cortice pomi
Inscriptum, "Capiat quæ sit pulcherrima," cernis?
O quæ nec faciles motus, neque frontis amœnam
Juncturam, Phrygiæ decedis Oreasin Idæ,
Nonne tibi meritam liceat captare coronam?'
"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Labris labra meis, roseum referentia florem,
Admovit, dixitque: 'Vides, quod fertur amaras,

When all the full-faced presence of the gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus: whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But lightfoot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Here comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
May'st well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came;
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos, and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

Dîs amplo aspectu Pelei celebrantibus aulam,
Appositum rixas genuisse. Hoc nuntia malum
Detulit en! Iris celeri velocior aura,
Et mihi permissum communi fœdere palmæ
Tradidit arbitrium. Quin mox cum Pallade Juno et
Concurrens aderit magna ad certamina formæ
Cytherea Venus. Tu, qua longæva susurrant
Pineta, antrorum videas celata latebris
Me Paridem tantas Superûm componere lites.'

"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Arduus in medio flagrabat Phœbus Olympo:
Unaque, protenti latera inter pinea saltus,
Errabat nubes. Herbosum adeuntibus antrum,
Fulgida, sub pedibus nudarum, copia florum,
Lilia cum violis et amaracus asphodelusque
Ludere, cum loto, vitesque hederæque vagantes
Desuper innumeras vento intertexere vittas,
Mistaque baccarum in vario cum flore racemo
Infula nodosis frondes involvere ramis.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her to whom,
Coming thro' heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'From many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore.
Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel,
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'
"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Still she spake on, and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom; from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand

"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Tum super arboribus summis delapsa morari
Visa, et odoriferum sensim diffundere rorem
Aurea cristati nubes pavonis in alas.
Protinus audiri, cui per cœlestia regna
Grassanti, ut lumen majores crescit in orbes,
Unanimi assurgunt Superi. 'Tibi regis honores,
Intactæ ditionis opes, quascunque vel arva
Fluminis ad ripas interlabentis amœnas
Fertilia effundant, vel terra effossa metallis
Reddat inexhaustis, mea sunt donanda: vel urbes
Larga e congestis quæ vectigalia gazis
Contulerint, pelagique procul cogenda par undas
Quâ vitreo in portus glomeratos æquore malos
Despiciunt veteres summis a turribus arces.'

"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
'A me,' continuo, 'tibi derivata vigebit
Illa homini finis rerum, opportuna Potestas,
Cui nutrix propriam dederit Sapientia sedem:
Unde et finitimi, donec moritura resignet
Sceptra manus, reges sociata et subdita jungant

Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, heav'n's queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men in power
Only are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'
"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
She ceased: and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas,—where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear,
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply:
'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;

Jura tuis. Tibi, pastor adhuc, sed regia proles,
Hæc, regina Deum, quæ sint gratissima, servo :
Non aliter Dis æquandus, trans fulminis ortum
Æternam nactis propria inter regna quietem.'

"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Desiit : et Paridem, promisso munere lætum,
Vidi ego tendentem cum optato brachia pomo :
Sed Pallas, nudos semota ubi constitit artus
Effulgens, humerosque hasta trajecta nitentes,
Dum super in niveosque sinus iramque genarum
Excubias agerent immoto lumina vultu,
'Te colito : te nosce ipsum :'—(sic casta Dearum)—
'Te regito : hac itur summi ad fastigia regni.
Nec tamen hunc libeat sectando quærere finem :
Sponte aderit. Sapiens unus, cui ponere rectam
Vivendi steterit normam, qui ducere norit

And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'
"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
If, gazing on divinity disrobed,
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiass'd with self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses like a god's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the fullgrown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'
"Here she ceased;
And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

Venturi impavidum securus temporis ævum.'

"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Deinde: 'Nec illecebris frustra deflectere litem
Constitui. Mea non adjecto munere forma
Clarior eniteat. Quod sum pulcherrima, per me
Ipsa probo.
Sed et oh! si contemplata Dearum
Nudatam speciem, vincat mortalia iniquum
Lumina judicium—si fas est fallere lucro—
Me tibi polliceor. Vegetos tibi detur amores
Abdita per cordis rapere, interiusque medullis
Illapsam sentire Deam. Sic crescet agendo,
Quicquid eris, duræ per spreta pericula vitæ,
Vis assueta pati, et tandem matura voluntas
Liberaque et sibimet lex impolluta vigebit.'

"Dixit: et hærentem dubio certamine mentem
Urgebam Paridi: 'Pallas tibi præmia, Pallas
Occupet!' Ah miseræ vanos confessa dolores!
Noluit, an nequiit, supremam audire querelam?

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bath'd in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form,
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches,
Floated the glowing sunlight, as she moved.
"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
She, with a subtle smile in her mild eye,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Here's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower:
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Me miseram exaudi scatebroso a culmine, mater!
Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Ambrosia collum atque humeros aurata decoros
Cæsarie, roseo gracilis quam dextra retorsit
Innexam digito, pectus frontemque revelans,
Prodiit Idalia e Paphiæ modo fontibus undæ
Exoriens, spumæ similis Cytherea parenti:
Ad motum, tenues mistisque ruboribus albi
E violis micuere pedes, teretesque per artus
Vitibus incertas super intexentibus umbras,
Phœbei rutilam radii diffundere lucem.
"Ida meam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Mox Dea, fatidico in caput inclinata susurro,
Jam victrix, placidoque arridens subdola vultu,
'Sponsam polliceor; qua sit nec amantior ulla,
Nec formam in Danais æque spectanda puellis.'
Nec plura, et risit. Mihi defecere paventi
Lumina. Suspiciens, Paridis cedentia vidi
Brachia, Junonemque aspectu torva minantem,
Aurea ut involvit nubes. Ego sola manebam:
Sola gemo: solam mors exoptata levabit.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die!
Fairest—why fairest wife? Am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I pass'd by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail,
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine, in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet, before I die!
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark, tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs, in the dark morn,
The panther's roar came muffled, as I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist

"Ida tamen, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Scilicet et forma superat? Sed nec mihi formam
Deesse puer per mille vices iterare solebat.
Quinetiam pardus nuper mihi visus eunti
Blanditiis (mirum) insolitis, oculosque coruscus
Hesperio velut astra polo, per gramina lente
Ludere mulcendo, et pedibus subvolvere caudam.
Suavior at, dulces melius quæ discat amores?
Ah, mihi deliciæ! mea si te brachia cingant
Implicitum complexa! O si flagrantia detur
Oscula delibare iterumque iterumque labellis,
Æmula continui roris, qualisve coruscat
Multus in autumno Xanthi torrentibus imber!

"Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Tum cæsæ periere mihi, mea gaudia, pinus,
Queis in cœruleam super impendentibus olim
Convallem, in foliis nemorosæ rupis, et inter
Montanasque nives niveæque voraginis æstum,
Aeriis aquilæ prolem fovere latebris:
Unde, per horrentem cæca caligine frondem,
Nocte sub incerta, procul ima in valle sedenti
Panthera impulerat surdis mugitibus aurem.
Non ibi, non iterum, mea per pineta vapores

Sweep thro' them: never see them overlaid
With narrow moonlit strips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.
"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change: that I might speak my mind,
And tell her, to her face, how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of gods and men.
"O mother, hear me yet before I die!
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,

Radere iter rapidum prima sub luce videbo :
Nec tremulas inter stellas laticesque sonoros
Argentea tenues tinget face Cynthia nubes.
" Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Illa mihi in dumis Infanda arentibus olim,
Fragmina vel scopulum, sive inter ovilia dudum
Deserta, occurrat, quæ Dis apud atria Pelei
Invitis epulas injecto miscuit auro,
Hasque mihi fecit lacrymas : sic impia demum
Audiat, et nobis et Dis invisa supremis.

" Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Nonne mihi toties, hac ipsa in valle sedenti
Ad lapidem, perque hanc dextram, juravit amorem,
Osculaque et fido lacrymæ sanxere sigillo ?
Heu quales recolo amissa dulcedine fletus !
Felices agri, vosque, o felicia testor
Sidera, me nimium et vanas perpessa querelas !
Mors eheu ! mors assidua mortalibus umbra
Involitans ! satis est miserum tibi copia prædæ ;

Pass by the happy souls, that love to live :
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.
"O mother, hear me yet before I die !
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born : her child !—a shudder comes
Across me : never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes !
"O mother, hear me yet before I die !
Hear me, O earth ! I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill, happy laughter come to me,
Walking the cold and starless road of death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise, and go
Down into Troy, and, ere the stars come forth,

Ne tu felices animas, queis vivere dulce est,
Præripias: hanc invisæ mihi lampada vitæ
Conde tenebrosæ involvens caligine noctis.
Corda diu penitus te persensere receptam—
Pressa sit haud alio componere lumina leto.

"Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Non ego Lethæas ibo incomitata per undas:
Namque mihi, arcanis si quando oriuntur inanes
Montibus, ut pressa in tacitam vestigia lanam,
Nocte soni, fervet dubii mens præscia fati.
Auguror incertum facinus, ceu conscia mater
Visa sibi ignotæ formam prænoscere prolis:
—Ut dixi, ut tremui! Ne sit peperisse, paternum
Qui referat vana male natus imagine vultum!

"Extremam, genitrix, mors advenit, accipe vocem.
Terra eheu! Stygias non ibo sola per undas,
Neve mihi, gelidæ tenebroso in tramite mortis,
Arguto illudant, nullo solamine, risu,
Linquenti veteres Graia cum pellice amores.
Troja mihi quærenda. Velim surgentibus astris

Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be, I know not; but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am, by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Cassandram affari : cui volvitur ignea semper
Antè oculos species, sonat indefessus in aures
Nescio quis belli clangor. Mihi nocte dieque
Æterna ardetur terram per et æthera flamma."

L.

Godiva.

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have lov'd the people well,
And loath'd to see them over-tax'd: But she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who rul'd
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clam'ring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve!"
Whereat he star'd, replying, half-amaz'd,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" "But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:

Scilicet oppressas sub iniquo pondere gentes
Nos, genus obscurum, durique novissima sæcli
Progenies, queis jura placent, qui spernimus annos
Præteritos, uni colere et miserescere demum
Novimus? At famæ victrix melioris honorem
Retulit, antiquum spectabilis illa per ævum
Huc usque, immitis conjux Godiva tyranni
Cui morem gessere tui, Conventria, cives.
Quæ, simul imposito (aiebant) peritura tributo
Affluere, et miseros visa est ostendere natos
Matrum turba loquax, dirum exorare maritum
Constituit. Regem spatiantem gressibus amplis,
Stipatum canibus, solaque invenit in aula.
Illum barba ingens anteibat, et horrida retro
Cæsaries longe tremulas fluitabat in auras.
Cui supplex, ægro ut gemeret plebecula fletu,
Venturamque famem, atque novi mala multa tributi,
Narrabat.
Torvo paulum miratus, ocello,
"Tune velis vel tantillum perferre laboris
Ne doleant isti?" "Quin et periisse," reponit.
Tum ridens, geminumque obtestans numina Divûm,

Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it:" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won.
She sent an herald forth,
And bid him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
Her hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they lov'd her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift: but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee:

"Nugæ adeo: mera verba!" refert: digitoque lacessens
Impulit insignem gemmis pendentibus aurem.
"Experiare modo!" et lacrymas celabat obortas.
At regi obriguere joco corda aspera sævo:
Annuit illudens: "Urbis tu nuda pererra
Compita: clamantes redimas hoc pignore cives:"
Hæc ille: erupitque ferox, canibusque coactis.

Flabra per immensum ceu debacchantia cœlum,
Non aliter furere, et dubia contendere rixa,
Fœminei motus animi. Mox ipsa sibi ipsi
Cedit debellata. Amplam qui transeat urbem
Præconem emittit, duri et mandata tyranni
Inque suos magnum dominæ testetur amorem.
Proinde, "Ita qualiacunque mihi donata rependent,
Si plateis omnes vacuis, clausisque fenestris
Et foribus, maneant intra sua limina cives,
Donec Sol medium cœli conscenderit axem."

Continuo ad thalami rapido penetralia gressu
Aufugit: zonæque, aquilas imitata gemellas,
Vincula secernit, truculenti dona tyranni;
Sæpe tamen dubio pendens, qualisque vaporem
Induit æstivas partim velata sub horas
Luna. Redundantes genibus tenus inde capillos

Unclad herself in haste: adown the stair
Stole on: and like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, till she reach'd
The gateway: there she found her palfrey trapt
With purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, cloth'd on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breath'd for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes: and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, star'd: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, cloth'd on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Pow'rs, who wait

Excussit: trepida exutum deponit amictum:
Perque columnarum spatia anfractusque domorum,
Ut tacita in murum Solis subrepit imago,
Delapsa, ad limen vastique extrema palati
Venit. Stabat ibi sonipes, dominamque manebat,
Purpureis proavum signis auroque decorus.
Prodiit; et vestem suscepit nuda Pudorem.
At circum intenti pavido vix murmure venti
Spirare: effigies sculptæque in fonte figuræ
Vafris visæ oculis inhiare: canumque ululatu
Exarsere genæ. Quin et pede lenta caballi
Corda resultanti tremere, et levis horror in artus
Irruere: in cæco multas sibi pariete fraudes
Fingere per tenebras fissique foramina muri:
Et super insolitæ facies cuneique domorum
Undique miratum glomerarier. Illa tenebat
Indefessa viam. Tandem lustraverat urbem:
Incurvas tetigit portas, dumetaque vernis
Floribus in tacito videt albescentia prato.
Tum redit: et vestem prætendit nuda Pudorem.
At fuit infamis quidam de fæce popelli,
Terrarum sordes, et in omne ignobilis ævum,
Qui trepide et fatis murum terebraret iniquis,
Visurus. Sed enim Superi, qui magna tuentur

On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misus'd:
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred tow'rs,
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower: whence reissuing, rob'd and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

Ausa hominum, instabant vigiles: et cassa nefandi
Propositi subitæ tabi excæcata sacrarunt
Lumina. Et illa redux thalamo intemerata resedit:
Raucisonoque fragore et centum è turribus una
Ora repercusso multum ingeminata tumultu
Flammantem intonuere poli super ardua Phæbum.
Deinde suo fastu et proprio diademate cincta
Egreditur, regemque petit: votoque potita
Condidit æternum ventura in sæcula nomen.

1860.

TRANSLATIONS

BY THE

RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Lion's Cub.

AGAM. 696—715.

STR. II. ἔθρεψεν δὲ λέοντα
σίνιν δόμοις ἀγάλακτον οὕ-
τως ἀνὴρ φιλόμαστον·
ἐν βιότου προτελείοις
ἄμερον, εὐφιλόπαιδα,
καὶ γεραροῖς ἐπίχαρτον.
πολέα δ' ἔσκ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις,
νεοτρόφου τέκνου δίκαν,
φαιδρωπὸς ποτὶ χεῖρα, σαί-
νων τε γαστρὸς ἀνάγκαις.

ANTISTR. II. χρονισθεὶς δ' ἀπέδειξεν
ἔθος τὸ πρὸς τοκέων· χάριν
γὰρ τροφεῦσιν ἀμείβων
μηλοφόνοισιν ἄγαισιν
δαῖτ' ἀκέλευστος ἔτευξεν·
αἵματι δ' οἶκος ἐφύρθη,
ἄμαχον ἄλγος οἰκέταις,
μέγα σίνος πολύκτονον.
ἐκ θεοῦ δ' ἱερεύς τις Ἄ-
τας δόμοις προσεθρέφθη.

Even so, belike, might one
A lion suckling nurse,
Like a foster-son,
To his home a future curse.
In life's beginnings mild,
Dear to sire, and kind to child;
Oft folded in his lord's embrace,
Like an infant of the race.
Sleek and smiling to the hand,
He fawned at want's command.

But in time he showed
The habit of his blood.
His debt of nurture he repaid;
The lowing herds he tore,
A fierce unbidden feast he made,
And the house was foul with gore.
Huge grief its inmates overshed,
Huge mischief, slaughter widely spread!
A heaven-sent Priest of Woe
In the Palace did he grow.

1836.

From the Homeric Hymn to the Delian Apollo.

165—178.

Ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽, ἱλήκοι μὲν Ἀπόλλων Ἀρτέμιδι ξὺν,
χαίρετε δ᾽ ὑμεῖς πᾶσαι· ἐμεῖο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθεν
μνήσασθ᾽, ὁππότε κέν τις ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων
ἐνθάδ᾽ ἀνείρηται ξεῖνος ταλαπείριος ἐλθών·
ὦ κοῦραι, τίς δ᾽ ὔμμιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιστος ἀοιδῶν
ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται, καὶ τέῳ τέρπεσθε μάλιστα;
ὑμεῖς δ᾽ εὖ μάλα πᾶσαι ὑποκρίνασθ᾽ εὐφήμως·
τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσσῃ·
τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστεύουσιν ἀοιδαί.
ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ὑμέτερον κλεὸς οἴσομεν, ὅσσον ἐπ᾽ αἶαν
ἀνθρώπων στρεφόμεσθα πόλεις εὐναιεταώσας·
οἱ δ᾽ ἐπὶ δὴ πείσονται, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐτήτυμόν ἐστιν.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν οὐ λήξω ἑκηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα
ὑμνέων ἀργυρότοξον, ὃν ἠΰκομος τέκε Λητώ.

THEN Artemis with thee, Apollo, smile!
Daughters, fare ye well the while;
Me too remember, when
From among the sons of men
Some wayworn stranger shall inquire
As he journies by:
"Whom of the vocal choir,
O damsels, do ye most desire?
Who sweetliest strikes the lyre?"
Then auspiciously,
Then with one accord reply:
"The blind old man, that dwells in high
And rocky Chios, he is dear;
Him we most delight to hear;
All his deathless verse
Distant ages shall rehearse."
I in turn will bear your fame
Far as over earth I go,
Through cities of renowned name;
And they shall know
It is the truth that I proclaim.
Nor will I cease to sing
The silver-bowed far-darting King,
Whom Leto bare,
Leto, with flowing hair.

1836.

The Descent of Apollo.

Il. I. 43—56.

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
Βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κῆρ,
Τόξ' ὤμοισιν ἔχων, ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην·
Ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' ὀϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
Αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος· ὁ δ' ἤϊε νυκτὶ ἐοικώς·
Ἕζετ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἕηκε·
Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.
Οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπῴχετο, καὶ κύνας ἀργούς·
Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἐφιεὶς,
Βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί·
Ἐννῆμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ᾤχετο κῆλα θεοῖο·
Τῇ δεκάτῃ δ' ἀγορήνδε καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς·
Τῷ γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
Κήδετο γὰρ Δαναῶν, ὅτι ῥα θνήσκοντας ὁρᾶτο.

He prayed: great Phœbus heard the prayer.
Then from Olympian tops in wrath
Apollo took his downward path.
Well closed and fit his quiver hung;
And, as like Night he swept along,
The darts upon his shoulders rang,
The silver bow gave deadly clang
He sate him from the ships apart:
Then issued forth the bitter dart;
  Fleet dogs and mules the first he slew,
  And next upon the men he drew,
And, as he shot, unnumbered fires
Streamed upward from the funeral pyres.
  Nine days the lightning arrows flew;
But on the tenth the people sate
Called by Achilles for debate.
'Twas white-armed Herè stirred the thought,
For grief to see such carnage wrought.

The Battle of the Fourth Book.

Il. IV. 422—443.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ πολυηχέϊ κῦμα θαλάσσης
Ὄρνυτ' ἐπασσύτερον, Ζεφύρου ὑποκινήσαντος·
Πόντῳ μὲν τὰ πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Χέρσῳ ῥηγνύμενον μεγάλα βρέμει, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκρους
Κυρτὸν ἰὸν κορυφοῦται, ἀποπτύει δ' ἁλὸς ἄχνην·
Ὡς τότ' ἐπασσύτεραι Δαναῶν κίνυντο φάλαγγες
Νωλεμέως πόλεμόνδε· κέλευε δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
Ἡγεμόνων· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἀκὴν ἴσαν—οὐδέ κε φαίης
Τόσσον λαὸν ἕπεσθαι ἔχοντ' ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδήν—
Σιγῇ δειδιότες σημάντορας· ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν
Τεύχεα ποικίλ' ἔλαμπε, τὰ εἱμένοι ἐστιχόωντο.

As when the billow gathers fast
  With slow and sullen roar
Beneath the keen north-western blast
  Against the sounding shore:
First far at sea it rears its crest,
  Then bursts upon the beach,
Or with proud arch and swelling breast,
  Where headlands outward reach,
It smites their strength, and bellowing flings
  Its silver foam afar;
So, stern and thick, the Danaan kings
  And soldiers marched to war.
Each leader gave his men the word,
Each warrior deep in silence heard;
So mute they marched, thou could'st not ken,
They were a mass of speaking men;
And as they strode, in martial might,
Their flickering arms shot back the light.

Τρῶες δ', ὥς τ' ὄϊες πολυπάμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐλῇ
Μυρίαι ἑστήκασιν ἀμελγόμεναι γάλα λευκὸν,
Ἀζηχὲς μεμακυῖαι, ἀκούουσαι ὄπα ἀρνῶν,
Ὣς Τρώων ἀλαλητὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ὀρώρει·
Οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμὸς θρόος οὐδ' ἴα γῆρυς,
Ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμικτο, πολύκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.
Ὦρσε δὲ τοὺς μὲν Ἄρης, τοὺς δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
Δεῖμός τ' ἠδὲ φόβος καὶ ἔρις ἄμοτον μεμαυῖα,
Ἄρεος ἀνδροφόνοιο κασιγνήτη ἑτάρη τε,
Ἣ τ' ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Οὐράνῳ ἐστήριξε κάρη, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.

But, as at even the folded sheep
  Of some rich master stand,
Ten thousand thick their place they keep,
  And bide the milkman's hand,
And more and more they bleat, the more
  They hear their lamblings cry;
So from the Trojan host, uproar
  And din rose loud and high.
They were a many-voicèd throng;
  Discordant accents there,
That sound from many a differing tongue,
  Their differing race declare.
These, Mars had kindled for the fight;
Those, starry-eyed Athenè's might,
And savage Terror, and Affright,
And Strife, insatiate of wars,
The sister and the mate of Mars;
Strife that, a pigmy at her birth,
  By gathering rumour fed,
Soon plants her feet upon the earth
  And in the heaven her head.

The Threat of Achilles.

Il. IX. 357—365.

Νῦν δ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
Αὔριον, ἱρὰ Διὶ ῥέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσι,
Νηήσας εὖ νῆας, ἐπὴν ἅλαδε προερύσσω,
Ὄψεαι, ἢν ἐθέλησθα, καὶ αἴκεν τοι τὰ μεμήλῃ,
Ἠρι μάλ' Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα πλεούσας
Νῆας ἐμὰς, ἐν δ' ἄνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαῶτας.
Εἰ δὲ κεν εὐπλοίην δῴη κλυτὸς Ἐννοσίγαιος,
Ἤματί κε τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἱκοίμην.
Ἔστι δέ μοι μάλα πολλὰ, τὰ κάλλιπον, ἐνθάδε ἔῤῥων.

"Of fight with Hector will I none.
To-morrow, with the rising sun,
Each holy rite and office done,
I load and launch my Phthian fleet:
  Come, if thou thinkest meet,
See, if thou carest for the sight,
My ships shall bound in the morning's light,
My rowers row with eager might,
  O'er Helle's teeming main.
And, if Poseidon give his grace,
Then, with but three revolving days,
  I see my home again;
My home of plenty, that I left
To fight with Troy; of sense bereft."

The Boast of Achilles.

Il. IX. 650-662.

Οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμοιο μεδήσομαι αἱματόεντος,
Πρὶν γ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
Μυρμιδόνων ἐπί τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἱκέσθαι,
Κτείνοντ' Ἀργείους, κατά τε σμύξαι πυρὶ νῆας.
Ἀμφὶ δέ τοι τῇ μῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νηῒ μελαίνῃ
Ἕκτορα, καὶ μεμαῶτα, μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὀΐω.
Ὣς ἔφαθ' · οἱ δὲ ἕκαστος ἑλὼν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,
Σπείσαντες, παρὰ νῆας ἴσαν πάλιν · ἦρχε δ' Ὀδυσσεύς·
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμωῇσι κέλευσε,
Φοίνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα.
Αἱ δ' ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος, ὡς ἐκέλευσε,
Κώεά τε, ῥῆγός τε, λίνοιό τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον·
Ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων κατέλεκτο, καὶ Ἠῶ δῖαν ἔμιμνεν.

"I WILL not think of battle more,
I will not bathe my hand in gore,
Till gallant Hector, Priam's son,
By sword and fire his way hath won
To this my camp, to these my fleet.
Then, issuing from my lone retreat,
By MY dark ships I think to stay
Keen Hector on his conquering way."
They pledged him in the parting cup,
And back along the shore they sped;
Odysseus led the way. Rose up
Patroclus, and bade strew the bed
For Phœnix. Maids and men obeyed;
The thick soft couch apace they laid,
With fleece and finest linen made.
There white-haired Phœnix had repose
Until the glorious morn arose.

Battle of the Eleventh Book.

Il. XI. 67—83.

Οἱ δ', ὥστ' ἀμητῆρες ἐνάντιοι ἀλλήλοισιν
Ὄγμον ἐλαύνουσιν, ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατ' ἄρουραν,
Πυρῶν, ἢ κριθῶν, τὰ δὲ δράγματα ταρφέα πίπτει·
Ὣς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
Δῄουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνώοντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο·
Ἴσας δ' ὑσμίνῃ κεφαλὰς ἔχον· οἱ δὲ, λύκοι ὥς,
Θῦνον· Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἔχαιρε πολύστονος εἰσορόωσα·
Οἴη γὰρ ῥα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν·
Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι οὔ σφιν πάρεσαν θεοὶ, ἀλλὰ ἕκηλοι
Οἶσιν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθείατο· ᾗχι ἑκάστῳ
Δώματα καλὰ τέτυκτο κατὰ πτύχας Οὐλύμποιο·
Πάντες δ' ᾐτιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονίωνα,
Οὕνεκ' ἄρα Τρώεσσιν ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.
Τῶν μὲν ἄρ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζε πατήρ· ὁ δὲ, νόσφι λιασθεὶς,
Τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων,
Εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
Χαλκοῦ τε στεροπὴν, ὀλλύντας τ', ὀλλυμένους τε.

As in some rich man's domain
  The reapers drawn in rows,
Right down the furrows shear the grain,
  And still their labour grows,
And thick the armfuls fall as rain;
So Trojan and Achæan might
  Each on the other leapt;
None turned from fight to cursèd flight,
  But even battle kept.
They raged like wolves. With deadly smile
Fell Strife sate lowering by the while;
She singly of the gods was there,
The rest abode in upper air;
Deep-valed Olympus all enshrouds,
  Each in his beauteous palace calm,
Each blaming Zeus, the king of clouds,
  Who willed to Troy the victor's palm.
The Sire he held their murmurs light,
  And drawing far away,
He sate, exulting in his might,
  And overlooked the bay,
The ships of the Achæans,
  The city on the plain,
The flashing of the brazen arms,
  The slayers and the slain.

The Presentation of the Arms.

Il. XIX. 1—18.

Ἠὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων
Ωρνυθ', ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
Ἡ δ' ἐς νῆας ἵκανε, θεοῦ πάρα δῶρα φέρουσα.
Εὗρε δὲ Πατρόκλῳ περικείμενον ὃν φίλον υἱὸν,
Κλαίοντα λιγέως· πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
Μύρονθ'· ἡ δ' ἐν τοῖσι παρίστατο δῖα θεάων,
Ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
Τέκνον ἐμὸν, τοῦτον μὲν ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,
Κεῖσθαι, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα θεῶν ἰότητι δαμάσθη·
Τύνη δ' Ἡφαίστοιο πάρα κλυτὰ τεύχεα δέξο,
Καλὰ μάλ', οἷ' οὔπω τις ἀνὴρ ὤμοισι φόρησεν.

Fair Morn, in saffron vest bedight,
Brought mortals and Immortals light
  From Ocean's wave-worn bed;
And Thetis to the Trojan shore
The Gift of skilled Hephæstus bore.
  Embracing still the hapless dead,
  In piteous weeping sore bested,
Achilles lay. Around their Chief
His comrades drooped, in speechless grief.
To them the queenly goddess came,
And held his hand, and named his name.
  "Achilles, up! Let be the dead,
Whom heaven's high doom hath vanquishèd.
Let be thy grief: these Arms are thine,
Arms fashioned by a hand divine,
Arms such as never mortal wore."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κατὰ τεύχε᾽ ἔθηκε
Πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλῆος· τὰ δ᾽ ἀνέβραχε δαίδαλα πάντα.
Μυρμιδόνας δ᾽ ἄρα πάντας ἕλε τρόμος, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
Ἄντην εἰσιδέειν, ἀλλ᾽ ἔτρεσαν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ὡς εἶδ᾽, ὥς μιν μᾶλλον ἔδυ χόλος· ἐν δέ οἱ ὄσσε
Δεινὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάρων, ὡσεὶ σέλας, ἐξεφάανθεν·
Τέρπετο δ᾽ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων θεοῦ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.

The goddess laid them on the floor.
They rattling shot a thousand rays.
With trembling and bewildered gaze,
The Myrmidons beheld the blaze;
But when Achilles saw them shine,
The glorious handiwork divine,
Then hotter flamed his smouldering ire,
Then shot his eyes their lightning fire,
And, while the gorgeous Gift he held,
With deadly joy his bosom swelled.

The Speech of the horse Xanthus.

Il. XIX. 403—418.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφι προσέφη πόδας αἰόλος ἵππος
Ξάνθος, ἄφαρ δ' ἤμυσε καρήατι, πᾶσα δὲ χαίτη,
Ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν, οὖδας ἵκανεν·
Αὐδήεντα δ' ἔθηκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
Καὶ λίην σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σαώσομεν, ὄβριμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ·
Ἀλλά τοι ἐγγύθεν ἦμαρ ὀλέθριον, οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς
Αἴτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.
Οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμετέρῃ βραδυτῆτί τε, νωχελίῃ τε,
Τρῶες ἀπ' ὤμοιϊν Πατρόκλου τεύχε' ἕλοντο·
Ἀλλὰ θεῶν ὥριστος, ὃν ἠΰκομος τέκε Λητὼ,
Ἕκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκε.
Νῶϊ δὲ καί κεν ἅμα πνοιῇ Ζεφύροιο θέοιμεν,
Ἥνπερ ἐλαφροτάτην φάσ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλά σοι αὐτῷ
Μόρσιμόν ἐστι, θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἶφι δαμῆναι.
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντος Ἐριννύες ἔσχεθον αὐδήν.

HANGING low his auburn head,
  Sweeping with his mane the ground,
From beneath his collar shed,
  Xanthus, hark! a voice hath found,
Xanthus of the flashing feet;
White-armed Herè gave the sound.
  "Lord Achilles, strong and fleet,
Trust us, we will bear thee home;
Yet cometh nigh thy day of doom;
No doom of ours, but doom that stands
By God and mighty Fate's commands.
'Twas not that we were slow or slack
Patroclus lay a corpse, his back
All stripped of arms by Trojan hands.
The prince of Gods, whom Leto bare,
Leto with the flowing hair,
He forward fighting did the deed,
And gave to Hector glory's meed.
In toil for thee, we will not shun
Against e'en Zephyr's breath to run,
Swiftest of winds; but all in vain;
By god and man shalt thou be slain."
  He spake: and here, his words among,
Erinūs bound his faltering tongue.

The Death of the dog Argus.

Od. XVII. 300—327.

Ἔνθα κύων κεῖτ' Ἄργος ἐνίπλειος κυνοραιστέων.
Δὴ τότε γ', ὡς ἐνόησεν Ὀδυσσέα ἐγγὺς ἐόντα,
Οὐρῇ μέν ῥ' ὅ γ' ἔσηνε καὶ οὔατα κάββαλεν ἄμφω,
Ἆσσον δ' οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα δυνήσατο οἷο ἄνακτος
Ἐλθέμεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ νόσφιν ἰδὼν ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ,
Ῥεῖα λαθὼν Εὔμαιον, ἄφαρ δ' ἐρεείνετο μύθῳ·
"Εὔμαι', ἦ μάλα θαῦμα κύων ὅδε κεῖτ' ἐνὶ κόπρῳ.
Καλὸς μὲν δέμας ἐστὶν, ἀτὰρ τόδε γ' οὐ σάφα οἶδα,
Εἰ δὴ καὶ ταχὺς ἔσκε θέειν ἐπὶ εἴδεϊ τῷδε,
Ἦ αὔτως οἷοί τε τραπεζῆες κύνες ἀνδρῶν
Γίγνοντ'· ἀγλαΐης δ' ἕνεκεν κομέουσιν ἄνακτες."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφης, Εὔμαιε συβῶτα
"Καὶ λίην ἀνδρός γε κύων ὅδε τῆλε θανόντος
Εἰ τοιόσδ' εἴη ἠμὲν δέμας ἠδὲ καὶ ἔργα,
Οἷόν μιν Τροίηνδε κιὼν κατέλειπεν Ὀδυσσεὺς,
Αἶψά κε θηήσαιο ἰδὼν ταχυτῆτα καὶ ἀλκήν.
Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι φύγεσκε βαθείης βένθεσιν ὕλης
Κνώδαλον, ὅττι δίοιτο· καὶ ἴχνεσι γὰρ περιῄδη·

THERE Argus lay, with vermin vext.

Then as he saw Odysseus near,
He wagged the tail, and crouched the ear,
Yet for old age he could not move
Toward the master of his love.
Odysseus, hiding, wiped the tear,
And asked Eumæus of his cheer.

"A marvel this, Eumæus, here.
How lies a dog, so fair to see,
In mire? I wonder, now, if he,
As fair to see, be swift to run?
Or like the table-dogs we know,
The pets, that masters keep for show?"

To whom Eumæus next begun:
"Too true: he was the dog of one
A marvel on the foot of game,
Who died afar. Were he the same
In form and force, as on the day
When great Odysseus went his way
For Troy, then shouldst thou gaze, and say,
Beholding all his strength and speed,
He was a dog of chase indeed.

Νῦν δ᾽ ἔχεται κακότητι, ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἄλλοθι πάτρης
Ὄλετο, τὸν δὲ γυναῖκες ἀκηδέες οὐ κομέουσιν.
Δμῶες δ᾽, εὖτ᾽ ἂν μηκέτ᾽ ἐπικρατέωσιν ἄνακτες,
Οὐκέτ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἐθέλουσιν ἐναίσιμα ἐργάζεσθαι·
Ἡμισυ γάρ τ᾽ ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνέρος, εὖτ᾽ ἄν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν."
Ὡς εἰπὼν εἰσῆλθε δόμους εὐναιετάοντας·
Βῆ δ᾽ ἰθὺς μεγάροιο μετὰ μνηστῆρας ἀγαυούς.
Ἄργον δ᾽ αὖ κατὰ Μοῖρ᾽ ἔλαβεν μέλανος Θανάτοιο
Αὐτίκ᾽ ἰδόντ᾽ Ὀδυσῆα ἐεικοστῷ ἐνιαύτῳ.

What beast his speed might overtake,
He grappled in the deep wood's brake.
But now, in sorry plight bested,
His lord in lands far distant dead,
He droops. The women give no heed.
  'Tis thus that bondsfolk still behave:
No longer in their master's view,
No more they care the right to do.
  The day that makes the freeman slave,
Wide-seeing Zeus, that evil day,
Himself takes half the man away."
  Eumæus said, and passed the gate;
And, where the haughty Suitors sate,
The swineherd straight came near.
Then, in the twentieth year,
Odysseus by his side,
Argus saw, and died.

1858-9.

Horace and Lydia.

Od. III. 9.

HORACE. Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA. Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen;
Multi Lydia nominis,
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORACE. Me nunc Thressa regit Chloe,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens;
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

HOR. While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck, than mine;
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possest,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

LYDIA. While thou didst feel no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came;
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Excelled e'en Ilia's Roman fame.

HOR. Me now Threïcian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she, my better life, may live.

LYDIA. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti;
Pro quo bis patiar mori
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HORACE. Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo;
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA. Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

LYDIA. The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face two several deaths with joy,
So Fate but spare my Thurian boy.

HOR. What, if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

LYDIA. Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou, rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light bark; yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

1858.

Catullus to Lesbia.

Carm. LI.

Ille mî par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat et audit

Dulce ridentem. Misero quod omnes
Eripit sensus mihi; nam simul te,
Lesbia aspexi, nihil est super mî.

* * * *

HIM rival to the gods I place,
  Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
  Who listens and who looks on thee;

Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
  Doth all my sense consign to death;
For when thou dawnest on my sight,
  Ah wretched! flits my labouring breath.*

* By borrowing from the beautiful Ode of Sappho, which is the prototype if not the original of Catullus, I have filled up the gap, in the sense as well as in the metre, which the Latin presents to us. The first stanza of the Greek closes thus—

βροχέως με φωνᾶς
οὐδὲν ἔτ' ἴκει·

Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat: sonitu suopte
Tintinant aures; gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

Otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est;
Otio exultas, nimiumque gestis:
Otium et reges prius, et beatas
Perdidit urbes.

My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid
  Fire creeps me through from limb to limb:
My loud ears tingle all unbid:
  Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.

Ease is thy plague; ease makes thee void,
  Catullus, with these vacant hours,
And wanton: ease, that hath destroyed
  Great kings, and states with all their powers.

1859.

Horace to Pyrrha.

Od. I. 5.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Vestimentà potenti
Suspendisse maris deo.

WHAT scented stripling, Pyrrha, wooes thee now
In pleasant cavern, all with roses fair?
For whom those yellow tresses bindest thou
With simple care?

Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
His altered gods; and his unwonted gaze
Shall watch the waters darken to the gale
In wild amaze.

Who now believing gloats on golden charms;
Who hopes thee ever kind and ever void;
Nor, hapless! knows the changeful wind's alarms,
Nor thee, untried.

For me, let Neptune's temple-wall declare
How, safe-escaped, in votive offering
My dripping garments own, suspended there,
Him Ocean-king.

1859.

Ugolino.

INFERNO, C. XXXIII. 1—78.

La bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto
Quel peccator, forbendola ai capelli
Del capo ch' egli avea diretro guasto.
Poi cominciò ; tu vuoi ch' io rinnovelli
Disperato dolor, che il cuor mi preme
Già pur pensando pria ch' io ne favelli.
Ma se le mie parole esser den seme
Che frutti infamia al traditor ch' io rodo,
Parlare e lagrimar vedrai insieme.
Io non so chi tu se', nè per qual modo
Venuto se' quaggiù ; ma Fiorentino
Mi sembri veramente, quand' io t' odo.
Tu dei saper, ch' io fui 'l conte Ugolino ;
E questi l' Arcivescovo Ruggieri :
Or ti dirò, perch' io son tal vicino.
Che per l' effetto de' suo' ma' pensieri,
Fidandomi di lui, io fossi preso
E poscia morto, dir non è mestieri.
Però, quel che non puoi avere inteso,
Cioè, come la morte mia fu cruda,
Udirai, e saprai se m' ha offeso.

The grim offender from his savage feast
Lifted his mouth; and wiped it with the hair
Of th' head unseemly mauled that he released;
Then thus began. "Am I anew to bear
Desperate grief, that weighs my heart adown,
Even as I think on what I shall declare?
Yet, if my words may, as a seed is sown,
Bring shame to the foul traitor that I gnaw,
In weeping I will speak. One all unknown
Thou com'st: unknown, by what decree or law
Thus low thou didst descend: but Florentine
I guess thy race, by what I heard, not saw.
Thou hast to learn, I was Count Ugoline:
He, Roger, hight Archbishop. Now I tell
The cause of this ill neighbourship of mine.
How by his evil thought's effect it fell,
That I, in him confiding, was ensnared
And put to death, thou, all men, know full well.
But what to boot I trow thou hast not heard,
The manner of my death how horrible,
Hear now, and judge, if ill by him I fared.

Breve pertugio dentro dalla muda
La qual per me ha il titol della Fame,
E' n che conviene ancor ch' altri si chiuda,
M' avea mostrato per lo suo forame
Più lune già, quand' io feci 'l mal sonno
Che del futuro mi squarciò 'l velame.
Questi pareva a me maestro e donno
Cacciando il lupo e i lupicini al monte
Perche i Pisan' veder Lucca non ponno.
Con cagne magre, studiose, e conte,
Gualandi con Sismondi e con Lanfranchi
S' avea messi dinanzi dalla fronte.
In picciol corso mi pareano stanchi
Lo padre e i figli, e con l' agute sane
Mi parea lor veder fender li fianchi.
Quand' io fui desto innanzi la dimane,
Pianger sentì' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli,
Ch' eran con meco, e dimandar del pane.
Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli,
Pensando ciò che al mio cuor s' annunziava:
E se non piangi, di chè pianger suoli?
Già eran desti; e l' ora s' appressava
Che 'l cibo ne soleva esser addotto,
E per suo sogno ciascun dubitava.

A narrow orifice within the cell
(Which yet from me, they call the Famine Jail,
And wherein others, after me, must dwell,)
Had shewn me many moons both wax and fail
Through its dim passage, when I slept the sleep
That rent in twain the future's darksome veil.
A mighty lord, He seemed the plain to sweep,
Chasing the wolf and cubs toward the hill
Which Luccan towers from Pisan eyes doth keep.
With dogs high-bred and lean, of eager skill,
By the Gualandi the Sismondi rides,
And the Lanfranchi helps his train to fill.
Too short, too short the wasting strength abides
Of sire or sons: I seemed to see the stroke,
As the keen fangs dug through the weltering sides.
When I the first, ere break of morn, awoke,
I heard my sons moan faintly in their sleep
That with me dwelt, and bread for life invoke.
Oh thou art hard, if careless yet thou keep,
Learning the then sad presage of my thought!
Oh weep for this, if aught can make thee weep.
The wonted hour for victuals to be brought
Was near at hand: they were awake, and stirred;
But each one, for his dream, was vexed with doubt.

Ed io sentì' chiavar l' uscio di sotto
All' orribile torre : ond' io guardai
Nel viso a' mie' figliuoli senza far motto :
Io non piangeva, si dentro impietrai :
Piangevan elli : ed Anselmuccio mio
Disse : Tu guardi sì, padre ; che hai ?
Però non lagrimai : ne rispos' io
Tutto quel giorno, ne la notte appresso,
Infin che l' altro Sol nel mondo uscìo.
Come un poco di raggio si fu messo
Nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi
Per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,
Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi :
E quei, pensando ch' io 'l fessi per voglia
Di manicar, di subito levorsi,
E disser : Padre, assai ci fia men doglia
Se tu mangi di noi : tu ne vestisti
Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.
Quetàmi allor, per non farli più tristi :
Quel dì, e l' altro stemmo tutti muti :
Ahi dura terra, perche non t' apristi ?
Posciache fummo al quarto dì venuti,
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,
Dicendo : Padre mio, che non m' ajuti ?

Aye then, the doorway locked beneath I heard
Of that infernal tower: I gazed upon
The faces of my sons without a word.
I wept not; inwardly I turned to stone:
They wept; and first my dearling Anselm said,
"What ails thee, Father? such thy look is grown?"
I shed no tear for this: nor answered
All that same day: nor till the night was gone:
At last, another sun was overhead.
Then, as a scanty ray of light there shone
Into the doleful dungeon, and I read
In their four aspects what must be mine own,
I bit both hands for anguish, hard bestead:
But they, misdeeming it was for distress
Of hunger, in a moment rose, and said,
"Feed, Father dear, on us, so we the less
Shall grieve: do thou, who didst our flesh bestow,
Strip off these miserable limbs their dress."
I held my peace; words had but fed their woe.
Mute that day, mute the next, did we abide;
Merciless earth, that didst not yawn below!
But when there came another morning tide
Then Gaddo fell; and, by my feet reclined,
"My Father, wherefore help'st me not?" he cried;

Quivi morì : e, come tu mi vedi,
Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno,
Tra 'l quinto dì e 'l sesto : ond' io mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sopra ciascuno,
E due dì gli chiamai poiche fur 'morti :
Poscia, più che 'l dolor potè 'l digiuno."
Quand' ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti
Riprese 'l teschio misero co' denti
Che furo all' osso, come d' un can, forti.

And lived no more. I, whom they left behind,
I saw those three fall slowly, one by one,
In the fifth day and sixth: and, now all blind,
I groped about me after every son:
Two days I called upon their names, though dead;
Then, grief was worsted, and the Famine won."
With savage glance awry, when he had said,
He griped anew the wretched scull; his teeth
Sharp as a mastiff's on that caitiff head.

1837.

The Lord's Prayer.

PURGATORIO, C. XI. 1—21.

O PADRE nostro, che ne' cieli stai,
Non circoscritto, ma per più amore
Ch' a' primi effetti di lassù tu hai;
Lodato sia 'l tuo nome e 'l tuo valore
Da ogni creatura, com' è degno
Di render grazie al tuo dolce vapore.
Vegna ver noi la pace del tuo regno,
Che noi ad essa non potem da noi,
S' ella non vien, con tutto nostro 'ngegno.
Come del suo voler gli angeli tuoi
Fan sagrificio cantando Osanna,
Così facciano gli uomini de' suoi.
Da oggi a noi la cotidiana manna,
Senza la qual per quest' aspro diserto
A retro va chi più di gir s' affanna.
E come noi lo mal ch' avem sofferto
Perdoniamo a ciascuno, e tu perdona
Benigno, e non guardar al nostro merto.
Nostra virtù, che di leggier s' adona,
Non spermentar con l' antico avversaro,
Ma libera da lui, che sì la sprona.

O Father ours, that dwellest in the sky,
Not circumscribed, but for Thy love intense
To Thy first Emanations there on high;
Let each and every creature that hath sense
Praise Thee, Thy name, Thy goodness, as 'tis fit
They render thanks for Thy warm effluence.
Thy kingdom come; Thy peace too come with it,
Which, if it come not by Thy gift divine,
Comes not to us by strength of human wit.
As of their wills the angel Powers to Thine,
Chanting Hosanna, render sacrifice;
So may we men our human wills resign.
Each day give daily manna from the skies,
Without the which, in this rough desert place
He backward slides who forward busiest hies.
And as we pardon each to each, efface
And blot away, benign, our heavier debt,
Nor hold our ill deserts before Thy face.
Our virtue, weak and easily beset,
Oh hazard not with the inveterate foe
That vexeth sore; but free us from his net.

1835.

Speech of Piccarda.

PARADISO, c. III. 70—87.

FRATE, la nostra volontà quieta
Virtù di carità; che fa volerne
Sol quel ch' avemo; e d' altro non ci asseta.
Se disiassimo esser più superne
Foran discordi gli nostri disiri
Dal voler di Colui, che qui ne cerne.
Che vedrai non capere in questi giri,
S' essere in caritate è qui necesse,
E se la sua natura ben rimiri.
Anzi è formale ad esto beato esse
Tenersi dentro alla divina voglia,
Perch' una fansi nostre voglie stesse.
Sì che, com' noi siam di soglia in soglia
Per questo regno, a tutto 'l regno piace,
Com' allo Re, ch' in suo voler ne 'nvoglia.
In la sua volontade è nostra pace:
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove
Ciò ch' ella cria, o che Natura face.

Love by his virtue, Brother, hath appeased
Our several wills: he causeth us to will
But what we have, all other longings eased.
Did we desire a region loftier still,
Such our desire were dissonant from His,
Who bade us each our several station fill:
A thing impossible in these spheres of bliss
If whoso dwelleth here, in Love alone
Must dwell, and if Love's nature well thou wis.
Within the will Divine to set our own
Is of the essence of this Being blest,
For that our wills to one with His be grown.
So, as we stand throughout the realms of rest,
From stage to stage, our pleasure is the King's,
Whose will our will informs, by Him imprest.
In His Will is our peace. To this all things
By Him created, or by Nature made,
As to a central Sea, self-motion brings.

1835.

From the Cinque Maggio; or, Ode on the Death of Napoleon.

Oh quante volte al tacito
Morir d' un giorno inerte,
Chinati i rai fulminei,
Le braccia al sen conserte,
Stette, e de' dì che furono
L' assalse il sovvenir:
Ei ripensò le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E 'l lampo de' manipoli,
E l' onda de' cavalli,
E 'l concitato imperio,
E 'l celere ubbidir.

How often, as the listless day
In silence died away,
With lightning eye deprest,
And arms across upon his breast;
He stood, and Memory's rushing train
Came down on him amain:
The breezy tents he seemed to see,
And the battering cannon's course,
And the flashing of the infantry,
And the torrent of the horse,
And the quick ecstatic word,
Obeyed as soon as heard.

Der Graf von Habsburg.

Zu Aachen, in seiner Kaiserpracht,
Im alterthümlichen Saale,
Saß König Rudolphs heilige Macht
Beym festlichen Krönungsmahle.
Die Speisen trug der Pfalzgraf des Rheins,
Es schenkte der Böhme des perlenden Weins,
Und alle die Wähler, die Sieben,
Wie der Sterne Chor um die Sonne sich stellt,
Umstanden geschäftig den Herrscher der Welt,
Die Würde des Amtes zu üben.

Und rings erfüllte den hohen Balkon
Das Volk in freud'gem Gedränge;
Laut mischte sich in der Posaunen Ton
Das jauchzende Rufen der Menge;
Denn geendigt nach langem verderblichen Streit
War die kaiserlose, die schreckliche Zeit;
Und ein Richter war wieder auf Erden.
Nicht blind mehr waltet der eiserne Speer,
Nicht fürchtet der Schwache, der Friedliche mehr,
Des Mächtigen Beute zu werden.

The Count of Hapsburgh.

THE ancient hall of Aix was bright;
  The Coronation-board beside
Sate King Rodolph's anointed might,
  In Kaiser's pomp and pride:
His meat was served by the Palatine,
Bohemia poured the sparkling wine;
  The Seven Electors every one
Stood, fast about the wide-world's King,
Each his high function following,
  Like the planets round the sun.

The people, in their joyous throng,
  The galleries o'er him crowd,
And the wild trumpet's tone prolong
  With acclamations loud;
The kingless time is brought to close,
The desperate struggle to repose,
  Earth has a Judge again to-day;
No more prevails the iron spear,
Nor the feeble and the peaceful fear
  To be the mighty's prey.

Und der Kaiser ergreift den gold'nen Pokal,
Und spricht mit zufriedenen Blicken:
„Wohl glänzet das Fest, wohl pranget das Mahl,
Mein königlich Herz zu entzücken;
Doch den Sänger vermiß' ich, den Bringer der Lust,
Der mit süßem Klang mir bewege die Brust,
Und mit göttlich erhabenen Lehren.
So hab' ich's gehalten von Jugend an,
Und was ich als Ritter gepflegt und gethan,
Nicht will ich's als Kaiser entbehren."

Und sieh! in der Fürsten umgebenden Kreis
Trat der Sänger im langen Talare,
Ihm glänzte die Locke silberweiß,
Gebleicht von der Fülle der Jahre.
„Süßer Wohllaut schläft in der Saiten Gold;
Der Sänger singt von der Minne Sold,
Er preiset das Höchste, das Beste,
Was das Herz sich wünscht, was der Sinn begehrt;
Doch sage, was ist des Kaisers werth
An seinem herrlichsten Feste?"

The Kaiser grasped the golden cup,
  And spake with aspect gladdening all;
"Well shews the board, and my heart leaps up,
  Well shines the festival:
Yet I miss the Bard that should bring delight
And stir my breast with music's might,
  And teach me with the god-given strain;
From youth I ever held it so,
And what the Knight was used to do
  The Kaiser shall retain."

Then forward stepped, amidst the Peers,
  In flowing vest the minstrel dight;
His bleachèd locks with length of years
  Were gleaming silver-white.
"Sweet music sleeps in the golden strings,
Of love's reward the minstrel sings,
  The highest and the best extols
That sense desires, or heart can pray;
But what can beseem the Kaiser, say,
  And the crown of festivals?"

"Nicht gebieten werd' ich dem Sänger," spricht
Der Herrscher mit lächelndem Munde,
"Er steht in des größeren Herren Pflicht,
Er gehorcht der gebietenden Stunde:
Wie in den Lüften der Sturmwind saust,
Man weiß nicht, von wannen er kommt und braust,
Wie der Quell aus verborgenen Tiefen.
So des Sängers Lied aus dem Innern schallt,
Und wecket der dunkeln Gefühle Gewalt,
Die im Herzen wunderbar schliefen."

Und der Sänger rasch in die Saiten fällt
Und beginnt sie mächtig zu schlagen:
„Aufs Waidwerk hinaus ritt ein edler Held,
Den flüchtigen Gemsbock zu jagen.
Ihm folgte der Knapp mit dem Jägergeschoß,
Und als er auf seinem stattlichen Roß
In eine Au kommt geritten,
Ein Glöcklein hört er klingen fern,
Ein Priester war's mit dem Leib des Herrn;
Voran kam der Meßner geschritten."

"I will not bind the minstrel's power,"
With smiling lips the Sovran says:
"He serves a higher lord; the hour,
As it prompts him, he obeys:
Like as in air the whirlwind blows,
And we know not whence its blast arose,
Or fountains from the hidden deep;
The minstrel's song from within him springs,
And stirs the dim imaginings
That in his bosom sleep."

And the Bard he falls to the chords apace,
And strikes them with a master's might.
"The chamois o'er the wild to chase,
Went forth a noble Knight.
A varlet with his rifle rode;
A stately steed himself bestrode;
His path across a meadow ran;
But a tinkling bell from far he hears,
And, with the Host, a Priest appears,
Behind his Sacristan.

„Und der Graf zur Erde sich neiget hin,
Das Haupt mit Demuth entblößet,
Zu verehren mit gläubigem Christensinn
Was alle Menschen erlöset.
Ein Bächlein aber rauschte durchs Feld
Von des Gießbachs reißenden Fluthen geschwellt,
Das hemmte der Wanderer Tritte,
Und beyseit' legt jener das Sakrament,
Von den Füßen zieht er die Schuhe behend,
Damit er das Bächlein durchschritte."

„Was schaffst du?" redet der Graf ihn an,
Der ihn verwundert betrachtet.
„Herr, ich walle zu einem sterbenden Mann
Der nach der Himmelskost schmachtet;
Und da ich mich nahe des Baches Steg,
Da hat ihn der strömende Gießbach hinweg
Im Strudel der Wellen gerissen.
Drum, daß dem Lechzenden werde sein Heil
So will ich das Wässerlein jetzt in Eil
Durchwaten mit nackenden Füßen."

"Then straight the Count to earth bows down,
And bares his head in reverent thought,
With faithful Christian sense to own
What our redemption bought.
A streamlet ran that field along;
But now, from Giessbach hoarse and strong,
High-swollen, it stopped the traveller's way:
The Priest he laid the Host aside,
And from his feet the shoes untied,
To pass without delay.

"'What dost thou?' So the Count began,
Entranced in wonder as he stood.
'My Lord, I go to a dying man,
That longs for the heavenly food;
But the plank, across the brook that lay,
The Giessbach's flood hath borne away,
Whirled in his waves' tumultuous mass;
Yet, lest the soul that yearns to feed
Should famish, through the stream with speed
My naked feet shall pass.'

„Da setzt ihn der Graf auf sein ritterlich Pferd,
Und reicht ihm die prächtigen Zäume,
Daß er labe den Kranken, der sein begehrt,
Und die heilige Pflicht nicht versäume.
Und er selber auf seines Knappen Thier
Vergnüget noch weiter des Jagens Begier;
Der Andre die Reise vollführet,
Und am nächsten Morgen mit dankendem Blick
Da bringt er dem Grafen sein Roß zurück,
Bescheiden am Zügel geführet."

„Nicht wolle das Gott," rief mit Demuthsinn
Der Graf, daß zum Streiten und Jagen
Das Roß ich beschritte fürderhin,
Das meinen Schöpfer getragen.
Und magst du's nicht haben zu eig'nem Gewinnst
So bleibt es gewidmet dem göttlichen Dienst;
Denn ich hab' es dem ja gegeben,
Von dem ich Ehre und irdisches Gut
Zu Lehen trage und Leib und Blut
Und Seele und Athem und Leben."

"He set the Priest on his lordly steed,
He gave him the embroidered rein,
That he might help the sick man's need,
Nor holy rite undone remain.
He, mounted in his varlet's place,
Fills full the pleasure of the chase;
But the Priest, his work and journey done,
With careful hand and thankful face
Leads back the charger to the place
Before the morning sun.

"'Now God forbid,' right humbly cried
The Count, 'that or for fight or chase
I e'er again the horse bestride
That bore my Saviour's grace.
And, if for use he may not be thine,
I give him up to use divine;
I give my gallant steed to Him,
From whom my honour and earthly good
I hold on loan, my soul and blood,
My breath, and life, and limb.'

„So mög' auch Gott, der allmächtige Hort,
Der das Flehen der Schwachen erhöret,
Zu Ehren Euch bringen hier und dort,
So wie ihr jetzt ihn geehret.
Ihr seyd ein mächtiger Graf, bekannt
Durch ritterlich Walten im Schweizerland;
Euch blühn sechs liebliche Töchter.
So mögen sie, rief er begeistert aus,
Sechs Kronen euch bringen in euer Haus,
Und glänzen die spät'sten Geschlechter!"

Und mit sinnendem Haupt saß der Kaiser da,
Als dächt' er vergangener Zeiten:
Jetzt, da er dem Sänger in's Auge sah,
Da ergreift ihn der Worte Bedeuten.
Die Züge des Priesters erkennt er schnell,
Und verbirgt der Thränen stürzenden Quell
In des Mantels purpurnen Falten.
Und alles blickte den Kaiser an,
Und erkannte den Grafen, der das gethan,
Und verehrte das göttliche Walten.

"'May He, that hears the poor man's prayer,
And grants it by His power in heaven,
So give thee honour, here and there,
As thou to Him hast given!
In Switzerland for a valiant knight
Thou 'rt known by deeds of right and might:
Six blooming maids are thine; I pray,
May each bring home a crown,' he cries,
Inspired, 'and Hapsburg's glories rise
As ages roll away!'"

The Kaiser sate with face intent,
And scanned the by-gone years in thought:
As on the Bard his looks he bent,
The meaning then he caught;
The features of the Priest he knew;
He weeps; he hides the gushing dew
Within his mantle's purple folds.
To him alone each guest gives heed,
And the doer of that noble deed
In godlike honour holds.

1837.

German Verses from Der Freischütz.

Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle,
Die Sonne bleibt am Himmelszelt;
Es waltet dort ein heil'ger Wille;
Nicht blindem Zufall dient die Welt;
Das Auge, ewig rein und klar,
Nimmt aller Wesen liebend wahr.

Für mich wird auch der Vater sorgen,
Dem kindlich Herz und Sinn vertraut;
Und wär dieß auch mein letzter Morgen,
Rief mich sein Vater-Wort als Braut,
Sein Auge, ewig rein und klar,
Nimmt meiner auch mit Liebe wahr.

THOUGH wrapt in clouds, yet still, and still
The stedfast Sun th' empyrean sways;
There, still prevails a holy Will;
'Tis not blind Chance the world obeys;
The Eye Eternal, pure, and clear,
Regards, and holds all Being dear.

For me too will the Father care,
Whose heart and soul in Him confide;
And though my last of days it were,
And though He called me to His side,
His Eye, Eternal, pure, and clear,
Me too regards, and holds me dear.

1845.

Old Rome.

PAR. REGAINED. B. IV.

THE city, which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable. And there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods. . . . .

Thou may'st behold,
Inside and outside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:

Tu quoque neve putes aliam quam prospicis urbem
Romuleâ, rerum dominâ; quæ scilicet orbis
Exuviis prædives ovat, numeratque triumphos.
En ubi rupe tuâ, Tarpeî, domus ipsa Tonantis
Sustulit insignem præstanti vertice formam;
Auratasque arces, et inexpugnabile saxum.
Deinde Palatinos colles, ædesque superbi
Principis immanemque premunt fastigia molem:
En turresque apicesque, et propugnacula longis
Conspicienda viis, et lucida despice tecta.
Quin splendens haud rara domus, similisque deorum.

Ecce et marmoreas, aurique, eborisque, columnas,
Cælatusque cedro ut ferit ardua sidera vertex,
Extrorsum introrsumque nitens; quæcunque per urbem
Artifices dederint monumenta insignia dextræ.
Nec non et portas circumspice, quæque catervam
Accipiat venientûm, et quæ vomat ædibus undam.

Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turmes of horse and wings,
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian Road,
Or on the Æmilian, some from farthest South,
Syene, and, where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle; and, more to West,
The realm of Bocchus to the blackmoor sea,
Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer.

En reditus, en regna Duces semota profectos,
Prætoresque, patris trabeâ cinctuque Gabino;
En comites duros, sellæque insignia virgas.
Hinc legio, inde cohors; hinc ala, hinc gestat equestres
Turma virûm phaleras: longinquæ hinc nuntius oræ
Æmiliam orator peragit, sive Appia ducat,
Diversosque habitus, ignotaque jactitat arma.
Ultima quos Afris domus, aut quos porta Syenes,
Torrida quos Meroe stagnantisque accola Nili,
Misit; ubi radiis Sol desuper instat iniquis:
Quos Bocchus ditione pòtens, quos marmora Mauri
Oceani; albentem gestat frons furva tiaram.
Scilicet imperium tumido maris æquore clausum
Victa reformidat tellus, ac jussa facessit
Principis: Ille etenim cunctos tenet: Illius arma
Prævalida, imperiumque, inconcussasque cohortes
(Idem armis, idem Ille togâ) famamque perennem,
Mansuetosque virûm mores, ingentiaque auri
Pondera, tu primâ neu dedignere coronâ.

1831.

Mars.

So, in the painter's animated frame,

Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian Dame,

The little Loves in sport the faulchion wield,

Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield;

One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embrued,

And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's blood;

Another's infant brows the helm sustain:

He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

τοῖος ἔην· καὶ τοῖον ὀΐομαι ὄβριμον Ἄρην
πτυκτοῖς ζωγράφῳ ἄνδρι γεγραμμένον ἐν πινάκεσσιν,
εὖτε φίλα περὶ χεῖρε βάλεν χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ·
τυτθοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δόρυ κραδάουσιν Ἔρωτες,
ἄσπιδα τ' ἶφι βαρεῖαν ἀολλέες ὑψόσ' ἔχουσιν,
νηπιάας ὀχέοντες, ἀγαλλόμενοι νεότητι·
πῆλεν ὁ μὲν Τιτύου λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον ἄορ,
δεύτερος αὖ πτίλον εἶχε, Τυφώεος ἐκπίον αἷμα,
χειρὶ δέ μιν κατέρεξε· κόρυν τρίτος αὖτε φαείνην
ἀμφὶ περὶ κροτάφοισι, νέου περ ἐόντος, ἔθηκεν·
δεινὸν δὲ νεύεσκε· βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.

1831.

Hymn by Augustus Toplady.

Rock of Ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

JESUS, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te, nec justus forem
Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus;
Salva me, Salvator unus!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eye-strings break in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus Vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes;
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

1848.

Bishop Heber's

Verses to his Wife.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning day,
When, on the deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

Tu modo dux, tu comes, Uxor, esses,
Quam daret lætos Philomela cantus,
Palmeâ ut felix moreretur hora
Vesperis umbrâ !

Tu modo, ac tecum soboles, paterno
Pendula amplexu, latus assideres;
Suaviter Gungæ scaphus auream de-
scenderet undam.

Mane, surgenti relevandus aurâ,
Dum super cymbæ tabulas recumbo,
Te reluctanti, licet otiosus,
Corde requiram.

I miss thee, when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer;
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Vesperâ, Gungæ prope flumen errans,
Te petam desiderio fideli;
Pallidam Te projiciente noctu
Lampade flammam.

Cum neque aspectu recreer benigno,
Nec probâ vox accipiatur aure,
Displicent libri; male penicillis
Fallitur æstus.

Rite mî flexis genibus precanti,
Supplices et Te sociare palmas
Stella nascentis videt ac diei
Stella cadentis.

Then on! Then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss that me awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay,
As then shall meet in thee.

Proinde quo virtus jubet ire pergam,
Almoræ scandens gelidum cacumen,
Seu juga Indorum sequar, atque campos
Sole perustos.

Dellia, ac regum domus et columnæ,
Barbaræ nec me tenet ora Malvæ;
Dulcius quiddam Hesperius recludit
Marmore pontus.

Bombacæ turres, rutilæ per æquor,
O diem faustum! O bona fata! quando
Conjuges, læti manibus reprensis,
Limen inibunt.

1859.

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